

A MEXICAN HOLD-UP.

BY OLD PADUKE.

Author of "The Liars' Duel," "Farleigh," "Should She Explain."

The stage from Trevino on the Mexican International R. R. to Monterey, on the Mexican National R. R., started for Monterey at 1 p. m. It was now 10 o'clock a. m. and the down train had just arrived at Trevino. The passengers who got off to take the stage route were a boy tourist and four German merchants. The day before the guard had given up his task and for the first time for weeks the stage was without protection. It was no use, as long as a guard rode with the coach no Domingues appeared. Frap them they could not, and fight them they would not, so the stage company gave notice that if a load of passengers could not protect themselves from two men then they would have to submit, as the company had done all they could be expected to do. It was stated that no more guards would make the trip except to protect valuable express matter.

This was the first time out and each one took his own risk. When this was known the passengers had a talk and concluded to ride, as the next train was 12 hours off and the stage short cut saved several hundred miles by rail to those who wanted to get back to the "States."

They would be due at Monterey at 6 p. m. and the north bound train left an hour later. After it was decided to run the gauntlet there was an examining of weapons. Among the travelers were produced three revolvers, and the boy had a 22 pearl-handled toy that he carried in his upper vest pocket. The rest of his outfit consisted of a roll of clothing in a blanket with a shawl-strap around it and a leather fishing rod case, with pointed rod, flies, lines, etc. At the other end he raised a little flap and pulled out some paper-backed novels. His entire unconsciousness of impending danger made the rest of the party feel sorry for him. His chalky white face, little dear of a mustache, light fringe of soft curls under a pink helmet, and calm, unconcerned grey eyes bespoke the Mama's boy out seeing the world before going into business. The driver spoke up and voicing the sentiments of the crowd advised him not to go.

"Why not?" the boy asked meekly.

"Well, I just see you in the hands of them Domingues. I guess they would eat you for their supper," replied the driver, with a wink at the other four travelers.

"Oh, I reckon not, not as long as I have this,"—and he patted the little 22-caliber.

"Oh, Wow! Did you hear that?" snapped the manipulator of the reins. "Let me tell you something, sonny. Now if you was to shoot me with that thing and I found it out I might slap you, see?" and he laughed uproariously at his own rally.

"No, I don't see," replied the artless one. "I believe I'll try if I can buy any curios in this town to take home to mother," and he marched off down the street with a manly swing.

"Well, gentlemen, what do you think of that?" demanded the Jehu, "and his ticket calls for a seat by the driver. If he falls off I can't help it, as I can't drive four horses and take care of a child at the same time."

In about an hour the boy came back to the office with his arms full of packages which he laid on the ground before the travelers. Then he got out his fishing combination, pulled out the sections of the rod, jointed them again and made imaginary casts. Then packed up everything, scratched himself, got up, sat down, asked questions, wanted to start on the trip right away and made himself a general nuisance. The contempt of the driver was ill concealed, but at last the time arrived, the horses hitched, the last instruction given, and the youth climbed up beside the driver with his case. A crack of the whip and they were off on the cross-country ride to Monterey, a long, dusty, up and down road with its beggars, naked children, mud houses, cactus and grassy plains for scenery. When the journey was well under way the boy opened up with:

"Say, driver—"

"Don't call me driver, my name's Waddell, Sam Waddell."

"Well, Mr. Waddell—"

"Now, not Mister nothing, just Waddell."

"Well, 'Waddell,' I heard a man at the office say that if he was the driver he would not take that dude along un-

less he pulled a 'red order' on him. What's a red order?"

"The man was about right. A red order from the company reads like this: 'Obey the driver or lose your job.'"

"Isn't a ticket the same thing?"

"Now, it ain't the same thing."

"After a half hour or more of silence the boy broke out again with:

"Say Waddell, that's an awful hard-up town, that Trevino."

"Why?" replied Sam curtly.

"Because when I bought them things I went all over the town trying to get a \$50 bill changed, and I had to give up buying because no one could change it."

"You don't mean to tell me, you double dam fool! That \$50 bill will bring them Domingues down on us sure. So you've got money, have you, and you showed it to them Greasers? Je Moes! I am almost a mind to put you down ten miles from Monte and make you foot it, is it, if we ain't stopped?"

Sam mused awhile and made grimaces of disgust, then he resumed: "That settles it; don't say another word to me or I will lose my temper and slap you off this seat, and you will be run over and you won't see your Ma any more. Well, I'll be damned!"

Another silence followed, then the youth thought he would like to take a shot at a rabbit and announced his intention. He felt in his pocket for his 22,—it was gone!

"Picked your pocket and stole your gun; boys ought not to have guns anyway," put in the irritated Waddell.

The boy seemed crushed by this misfortune and the avalanche of contumacious heaped upon him, and spoke no more but amused himself looking about the country with his field glass. Shortly after changing horses at the half way house and when well under way, he became deeply interested and fixed his gaze persistently in one direction. The driver's curiosity was too much for him.

"What do you see?" he descended to ask.

"Oh, I can talk, can I? Well, it seems to be a circus or something, two men 'loping across the plain aiming just ahead. Both have blue cloaks, big high hats and knee breeches, and the tails and manes of their horses are tied full of different colored ribbons."

"Domingues! I just knew some of their spies saw your money and they have been warned that a good thing is coming. I'll bet signals have been flying from every high point on the route all the afternoon." He pulled his horses up to a walk and called down to the drummers.

"Domingues just ahead! Get out your guns. It's four against two—I don't count the boy. Now show your hand. As for me, they don't want anything I've got and I am not going to get hurt if I can help it, and I give you fair warning."

He sat up, suddenly and began to drive.

"I'll say one thing for them Domingues, you can agree with me that they give a fellow a show for his money with all those clothes and ribbons," continued Sam with a grim smile at his untimely joke.

"Where do you think they will stop us?" the boy questioned.

"You don't seem to be scared much."

"Me? No! This is fun and an experience I can tell about when I grow up. Where will they stop us?"

"About a mile ahead, as we run down this long slope and go up the next one. The horses will about be in a walk and then they will have you, and I am glad of it. Fun is it?"

When half way down the long slope the youngest fumbled in his pocket, pulled out a piece of paper and touched the driver.

"You know what this is?" he asked calmly.

"Darn if it ain't a red order!" exclaimed Sam in blank astonishment.

"Well, I'm McDonald the Wells-Fargo messenger," he went on quietly, "got up for those fellows benefit. We have got 'em dead to rights. That money showing did the trick, they are here and it is my business to wing 'em both."

"Why didn't you tell me long ago?" said Waddell with a hurt expression.

"Because I don't take chances with anybody in my plans. How do I know you are not in with them? Your stage has been robbed more than any other town in this section, so don't do anything suspicious for there are guns sticking out all over me and eyes in the back of

my head. Your talk to those inside shows why it is so easy to stop you."

After giving this little lecture he resumed: "And now you do exactly what I tell you, understand?"

"That I will, you are a good one. Then in an undertone, 'Foolled me, smart Sam Waddell, and I poked fun at him and joshed him. Sam, you are a two-spot,' with much disgust to himself.

"What's the drummers doing?" says Waddell, after catching his breath. McDonald glanced below and laughed softly. "They are all living flat on the floor of the stage; they are so white I expect they are seasick; they can't be expected to riding over rough roads."

"Aint you going to make them help you?"

"No, I want them to stay just where they are."

"Where's your gun?"

"Right here in this yellow case. It is a double-barreled, sawed-off shotgun, loaded with buckshot. Pulling them fishing rods in and out of the barrels was only a blind for you, old man."

"What do you want me to do? I am starting up the slope directly."

"Drive your horses in a walk up the grade. When you get near the top start them in a gallop, and as you go over drive them for all they are worth. The Domingues will call to you to stop, but make out you can't hold your horses and keep them going. I'll tend to the rest."

"All right," said Waddell, settling himself and taking a fresh grip on the reins.

Down grade easy, up a walk, then the whip and over the crest in a run. On each side of the road was a picturesque Domingues. Each held a repeating rifle—one leveled at the driver's seat, the other on the empty stage windows.

"Stop! Halt!" commanded the spokesman.

"Can't hold 'em," he shouted. In answer to Sam's halloo the Domingues rushed forward.

"Stop, I tell you," yelled the Mexicans, as they raced beside the coach.

"Can't hold 'em, I told you."

All this time the youth clutched his yellow case across his knees, a picture of abject terror. The desperados smiled. This hold-up was easy, no trouble from the boy, Sam with his hands full and the inside passengers out of sight.

"If you don't stop 'em we are going to throw the leader, called out the elder Dom to the driver.

Sam made no reply, but apparently labored in vain to control his horses.

"Throw the leader, Francesco," came the order.

Francesco sped forward, unbound his lariet and swung the long loop around his head ere he threw to catch the feet of the foremost plunging horse. The elder brother took his eyes off the boy and driver momentarily and the force was over. Quick and as unexpected as lightning from a clear sky, the yellow case went up—a flash and report, then the right barrel was turned across the now terrified horses backs and Francesco stopped, his hand riddled with buckshot.

McDonald threw out the empty shells, slipped in loaded ones and was ready, but it was not necessary.

Back in the road was the elder Domingues, dragging himself into the bushes, while his horse, full of shot, mad with pain, squealing, kicking and buckjumping across the country, his ribbons flying fantastically, his highly decorated saddle upside down.

In front was Francesco, rocking in his saddle, his horse jumping from side to side, till, with a plunge, he threw his rider heavily and started across the plain to join his companion in herbibbioned revelry.

"Shall we go back and get those two fellows, Mr. McDonald?" asked Sam, demurely.

"No, they will be sick a long time after this. It's my business to get back to the States before the news of this gets out." Then looking toward the still rearing stage horses, "I am mighty sorry I put some shot in the ears of those leaders. You won't have to use the whip any more."

"No, I don't believe I can hold them this time for sure," grinned Sam.

McDonald looked down into the stage through the peep-hole. The traveling men had not moved, all were white as paper. One of them glanced up, noticed the stage was still moving, saw the smiling face of the boy, and passed the good word that danger was over.

Instantly they were up and ready for war, but it was too late; they were not needed.

By the time the horses were checked up they were within a mile of the limits of Monterey. Shortly the horses were brought to a standstill, sweating and trembling.

McDonald jumped to the ground

quickly and ran to the door of the stage.

"Stop, gentlemen, don't get out. I want to ask a favor of you. I am the Wells-Fargo messenger and I think I have settled both the Domingues. Now I warn you not to say a word about this and take the train for the States as soon as the Lord will let you. If you but your eye or give a hint these Mexicans will throw you all into jail as witnesses and bring all kinds of criminal proceedings against you. You may be in jail twelve months before getting the hell out, and after you get out it means an assassination at the hands of those men's relatives. If you should begin to kill them they would keep coming to the third and fourth railroads, and when the men give out the women will start after you. If you mean to do business in Mexico, don't say a thing now or hereafter. Give me a word of honor you won't talk."

"We promise to honor. It is as much for our safety as yours."

"All right, we will be good every day, passengers."

Going back to the driver he swung himself to the seat and the stage started for town.

"Walk your horses," he commanded. "We don't want to get to the railroad station before train time. When the Domingues clan comes after you, you can show them your horses' ears full of holes, your cut hands, and by the folks in Trevino you can prove that you did not know anything at all about the dude being a guard."

"I can swear to that," answered Sam much crestfallen. "As to the rest leave it to me, I believe I can see my way out. That was a mighty neat piece of work. Nobody ever pulled down two finer birds with the right and left barrels."

At 7 p. m. five travelers climbed aboard the north-bound train in the most matter of fact manner. Half an hour after the train was on its way the boy had disappeared, and a firm-faced, grey-eyed man of thirty, wearing a federal hat, had taken his place. The curls and mustache were in his pocket, water had washed away the chalky make-up from his face and the black from his eyebrows.

By next morning they had passed through Laredo and were safe in Texas. A few days later McDonald received the following letter:

MONTEREY, MEX., Feb. 26, 18—

Mr. McDonald,

Care Wells-Fargo Express Co., Denver, Col.

I send you by this letter the address of a gentleman who gave it to me about

seven months ago. You left so suddenly

that I never thought to give it to you. The history of this address is as follows: While back my stage was held up and these Doms got something from each one except a fat Englishman, who only had his letter of credit with him, but no money. This so infuriated them that they took all his clothes from him except his white shirt and his undershirt, and he had to ride to Monte, barelegged with a lap robe over his knees. The passengers said he nearly died from apoplexy, he was so mad, and his two big toes looked like ripe tomatoes. When we got to Monte, we could not find a pair of fat man's pants quickly, so he went through the side entrance to the hotel in a woman's skirt. He sent for me and gave me his address, and said if any one would bring summary punishment on these brigands he would reward him handsomely. As he did not leave any deposit to make his promise good, no one gave it any notice. I think you have done this 'summary' act and had better write to him. The Doms are not dead yet. I have been cross-questioned a good deal by their friends, and if they die my life is not safe here, so please use your influence to have me transferred to the States. If not, I may have to jump my job. You are a good one. Mr. Henderson, of the Trevino office, writes this letter for me.

Your admirer,

SAM WADDELL.

Eight weeks later.

Denver, Colo., April 15th, 18—

Sam Waddell:

I sent a full description of our little accident and the Fargo people O. K'd it, and I received today \$100 or \$200, with thanks. He said if I would do it again he would repeat.

I send you \$500 as your part for cutting your hands with the reins. The company will transfer you to a route in Colorado as soon as we get a good man to take your place.

McDONALD.

WALL PAPER! WALL PAPER!

The finest and most reasonable line of Oriental Burlap and stripe papers. It will be worth your time to see the line on get prices before purchasing; it will save you money at C. C. Lee's, Third and Court streets. Phone 161.

Mr. Webster's experience with hotel clerks probably induced his famous remark about there always being room at the top.—Chicago News.

POLO, GOULD'S GREAT HOBBY

Financier an Expert at the Exciting Sport—Owns Three Private Polo Grounds.



George Gould, the big financier, is passionately fond of polo and is wonderfully expert at the game. His playing at Lakewood has made a profound sensation. Here is Mr. Gould on his pony Monk, from Pack's latest photograph.

OH, MY HART

Is Still Here.

But You'll have to hurry, as HART'S low prices are selling very fast. Refrigerators, cream freezers, hammocks, swing chairs, water coolers, baby cabs, ranges, filters and food cutters

And Oh My!

Geo. O. Hart & Son,
Hardware and Stove Company.

Court streets, whose main house is in Evansville and is well known in Paducah. He spends a great deal of his time here and while his employees had heard nothing of the trouble, they are certain that he is the same man mentioned in the dispatches, as he had a bookkeeper by the name of Keane, whose husband was killed.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Ether, the 1-year-old daughter of Mr. B. C. Fields, died this afternoon at the family residence, 234 North Eighth street. The funeral arrangements have not yet been made.

Take Lax Fos for chronic constipation. All druggists have it. 11m3

DR. FRANK BOYD
OFFICE IN
BROOK HILL BUILDING.

Telephone—233
Fourth and Broadway.
Take the elevator.

YESTERDAY'S BASEBALL.

The Marble Hall baseball club defeated the L. A. L. club, in a match game at Rowlandtown yesterday afternoon, by a score of 14 to 9. The game was full of good playing all the way through and both sides did good work.

REVIVAL SERVICES.

Rev. E. B. Ramsey, of Paris, Tenn., will preach the opening sermon to-night at the Broadway Methodist church at 7:45. The public are cordially invited to be present.

LEFT THE SHOW.

Mr. J. H. Jones, formerly a nurse at the city hospital, who left with Buckskin Bill, returned home yesterday. He left the show at Vincennes, Ind.

PETITION IN BANKRUPTCY.

Henry Barnett Duncan, of Marshall county, filed a petition in bankruptcy this morning, owing liabilities to the amount of \$1,340.20.

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He who gets new business
Advertises persistently.

10 CENTS PER WEEK

A BIG STRIKE

LARGEST EVER
WICKLIFFE.

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May 20.—Tom
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MOB FEARED AT NEWPORT LAST NIGHT

New York, May 20.—The threat-
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country was inaugurated this morning
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is one of the largest on record. The
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Louisville, May 20.—Two hundred
and fifty machinists went on a strike
here this morning.

SOLDIER'S DEED.

London, May 20.—Sergeant Major
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shot five of his children, killing four.
His wife narrowly escaped.

MURDERERS TRIED.

Williamsburg, Ky., May 20.—The
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A BIG STRIKE

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Today.

HEAVIEST IN NEW ENGLAND

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fight at Corbin last winter, and John
Shotwell was convicted and given a
life sentence, while Robert Shotwel
was cleared. The jury failed to
agree as to the guilt or innocence of
Charles Shotwell.

TO AVOID A MOB.

Newport, May 20.—Charles Gas-
kins, the negro who murdered Police-
man Ryan at Flemingsburg, was last
night removed from the Maysville
jail here on account of rumors of a
mob coming to lynch him.

CLERGYMAN SUICIDES.

Rome, May 20.—It is now said that
Rev. Davonport Babcock the eminent
New York clergyman, suicided in a
hospital in Naples while ill of gastritis
fever by taking poison.

WANT HILL AND JOHNSON.

New York, May 20.—Ex-Congress-
man Lewis, of Washington, state, says
that Bryan told him that he would
not again be a candidate for the presi-
dency. He says the Democrats of the
Northwest want David B. Hill and
Tom Johnson on the next ticket.

MRS. M'KINLEY

STILL IMPROVING.

San Francisco, May 20.—Mrs. Mc-
Kinley continues to improve. The
president today reviewed the school
children.

GOOD ROADS TRAIN.

Hopkinsville, May 20.—The good
roads special train will stop here July
10 and 11th to practically demonstrate
the construction of good roads.

BIG LEGAL BATTLE.

Madisonville, May 20.—The trial of
the five deputy sheriffs charged with
killing two marching union miners a
few months ago began today, and will
be the most stubborn legal battle in
the county's history. Seven distin-
guished lawyers represent each side.

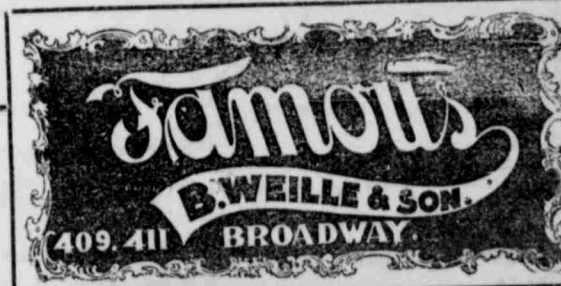
BEEZY

There Is
Something
Breezy

About our light weight

SUMMER FLANNEL SUITS—Everyone that has seen them
likes them and says they are
handsome. They impart a cool and refreshing feeling of satisfaction to
the wearer. They are fashioned right and the fit is exact.

THIN PRICES On Every Suit—Try a Flannel—
They are so Cool, Comfortable and Economical
For MEN, YOUTHS and BOYS.



h's Only
PRICE
and Boy's
ITTERS....

SMART SPRING STYLES

In Ladies' Shoes and Slippers are Now
Ready for You at

ROCK'S

Some of Our Specialties.

Specialty No. I.—Women's patent
calf Oxford, low Military heel,
heavy sole. Especially designed for
walking. \$3.50

Specialty No. II.—Ladies' fine Vici
Kid maunish last with a full Cuban
heel, just right for short skirts and
very stylish. \$3.00.

Specialty No. III.—A nobby Patent
Vici Oxford with full Louis XV
heels, and fits the foot perfectly.
Price \$3.00.

Specialty No. IV.—A high airy Pat-
ent Vici Kid Oxford, hand turned,
medium heel, a perfect fitter. \$3.00.

25 STYLES 25

Of Ladies' \$2.00

Oxfords